

Table of Contents

1. [Chapter 1](#)
2. [Chapter 2](#)
3. [Chapter 3](#)
4. [Chapter 4](#)
5. [Chapter 5](#)
6. [Chapter 6](#)
7. [Chapter 7](#)
8. [Chapter 8](#)
9. [Chapter 9](#)
10. [Chapter 10](#)
11. [Chapter 11](#)
12. [Chapter 12](#)

Chapter 1

My breathing is heavy and unstable, my heart races in my chest. Tears stream down my cheeks. 'Why are they like this... why are they so cruel to me?' I think to myself. Multiple footsteps are thumping from behind me, a shock runs down my spine. There it is the door! I bolt to the direction of my room, jumping through the door frame. I slam it hard behind me. I try to slow my breathing down.

"Aww c'mon Kingdom open the door we won't hurt ya'." A voice calls.

"L-leave me alone." I sob.

"L-leave me alone~." He mimics. I clench my fists in anger and frustration as a bunch of laughter comes from the other side of the door.

"Hey come on now guys leave him alone, what did he ever do?" Another voice calls.

"Pssh' pleeaase, he's such a baby he needs to grow up if ya ask me."

"He's the youngest what do you expect!"

Silence:

"Pff' whatever, c'mon guys let's go." The voice says, as I hear the footsteps begin to fade away. I sigh in relief, wiping away my tears. Then someone knocks on my door.

"Erm hey Kingdom can I come in?". Says the voice. I know exactly who it is, my 'adopted' brother Aussie, he's so kind to me, so is Nada but he prefers to stay out the way. In fact all of my brothers and sisters are adopted, because my father is an Empire.

"Um yes..." I reply. The door gently swings open and standing on the other side is my brother he looks so pitiful.

"Hey don't worry about the others, since I'm one of the eldest I'll protect you 'kay'." He says. I nod in response, he swings in to give me a hug, then leaves. I sigh.

I flop onto my bed and groan into my pillow. Then there's another knock at my door. I look up from my wet-ish pillow to see my father, he has the same bland lifeless expression on his face all the time, and his usual red cloak with white dotted fur on the edges. Its huge.

"Kingdom come here." He orders. I hop off my bed and walk towards him. I gaze up at the tall figure before me and clench my fists. Not in anger, but fear. He is quite hard on us all.

"Kingdom, we are going to be visiting another Empire and their son. Your siblings will not be going, the maid will look after them. I expect you to be ready within ten minutes. understood?" He growls.

"Yes father." I reply.

With that he swiftly turns around and leaves.

I clench onto fathers cloak as we are led outside to the carriage by a servant. We finally make it outside of the Palace and I gaze up to the sky. Its a beautiful night and a bunch of stars dot the big black empty abyss above me. The moon looks very odd though, its a crescent, but it has an odd colour. Its an orangy red sort of colour surrounded by dark grey clouds. Its very pretty.

We finally get to the carriage and one of the servants help me inside next to my father. The coachman slashes the reins on the horses and we start to move.

I sit in silence. Father said that the Empire were are meeting has a son. I wimper in fear at the thought of being bullied by someone else and clench onto my father's cloak again. I suddenly feel something wrap over my back, I look up, father wrapped his wing around me. That's strange...he never shows anyone affection.

My eye flutters open, it stings at the burst of sudden light. I guess we finally arrived. I look out of the carriage window, there is a huge Palace standing in front of us with odd looking multi-coloured swirls on top. There is snow everywhere and I can see even more stars, the moon still that redish colour.

The servant helps us out of the car and towards the building. I gulp in fear and dash underneath my father's cloak, I cling onto his leg just in case.

I Peak through a small gap of the cloak and look around, we're in the Palace now. I wimper and close the gap as we aproch who I assume is the other Empire....and his son.

Woop woop first chapter done!
Word count 747.

Chapter 2

I stare at the Empire's son through the small gap I made. He has a fiery yellow eye and an eyepatch covering the other, he's quite tall, it makes my heart sink. I squeeze my father's leg, I'm really nervous. He gently tucks me under his wing again, I like it when he does this, it makes me feel safe and secure.

"It's a pleasure to meet you once again RE. I've been hoping that we can discuss things such as territory and the colonies." My father says, sounding a little happier than usual.

"Да I am also pleased to see you BE it's been while hasn't it.....Ah I almost forget, did you bring your son? If so I would like him to meet my son, it would be good if the two of get know each other." The Empire says in his thick accent.

"Why yes I did." My father says slowly lifting up his cloak.

'Nononononono' I panic, I try to hide behind his legs. Father looks down at me, he grabs my shoulder and gently rubs it, I squeeze my eyes shut and shake my head. But he fully pulls the cloak off to reveal me. I freeze in fear, still clinging onto his leg.

"RE this is my son United Kingdom of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. UK for short."
(It was Ireland back then.)

I slowly open one eye and look around. The Palace is beautiful, almost everything is made of gold.

"Hello UK I am Russian Empire, and this is my son, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, USSR for short." RE says.

I take a look at USSR, he's staring right back at me. He gives me a warm smile, I go back under my father's cloak.

"Heh he's a shy one isn't he." I hear RE say. "I'm not shy!" I wisper-

pout. I'm just...scared of being humiliated that's all.

"CCCP take UK to your room while me and BE have talk." RE orders. My breathing becomes unstable as I squeeze my father's cloak harder. I can hear USSR's footsteps getting closer, everything's getting louder. My breathing, his footsteps, and father telling me its going to be okay. I don't want to do this, I want to go home.

All of a sudden light spills in, surrounding me in it. I feel someone take my hand and I flinch at it.

"Hey hey don't worry comrade, it's just me....Hey c'mon ill take you to my room." USSR says still smiling. I slowly nod my head in response and try to steady my breathing. "Okay." I wisper, and with that he gently tugs me to his room.

USSR's pov:

It takes a while, but we finally make it to my room. I open the door and let UK in. He's so shy and gentle, it's kinda cute.....well that was odd, c'mon Soviet you can't be calling this country cute, you just met him.

He slowly walks in and sits on the floor, I go to sit next to him.

"So I guess you already know my name which is USSR, but you can call me Soviet, I hate the name USSR it doesn't suit me." I say. UK plays with his hands for a bit until finally speaking.

"Um you can call me Britain then, or not I don't mind." He murmurs still looking down.

He looks so dull and sad,....I know!

"Hey er Britain did you see the moon, it looks so pretty." I say. His faces lights up a bit, he looks at me straight in the eye. His eyes are pretty too. They're a really light shade of green, they look like emeralds.

"Y-yes I did actually, it looks amazing a-and there are so many stars

too!" He beams. I feel my cheeks heat up. His light up too, probably out of embarrassment though.

"Want to see them? I have a balcony." I tell him. His eyes light up again, and he even smiles a little. He must really like stars.

"Really!? I'd love to see them." He says smiling, and holding his fists up.

I stand up and walks to the door of the balcony. I swing it open and step outside being greeted by big starry sky. And the moon was still red too. Britain steps out and gazes up at the sky, his mouth slightly open. 'wow' he whispers, I walk off to go and sit on the couch set behind us, Britain continues to stare at the stars. Soon he turns around and spots me sitting down.

"You can sit next to me if want." I tell him. He walks over and sits down, we both gaze up at the stars together. Its very silent and peaceful. A few shooting stars blast by and light up the sky, I tell Britain to make a wish.

"I wish, that I'll grow to be strong and passionate." He says, puffing out his chest.

"I wish, that I'll be a loyal protector, and become super famous!" I triumph.

We both laugh at each other as another star zooms past.

"Hey look another star!" Britain yells.

"Maby we could share it." I say.

"Umm okay, I wish that you'll be my best friend!"

I feel my cheeks heat up again. "I wish that we'll never separate!" I yell.

Britain giggles and makes me do a pinky promise, I laugh.

We stare at the stars for what seems like forever until I start to black out.

British Empire's pov:

Finally this meeting is over now I can go home, I mentally sigh and begin walking to doors of the Palace.

"Um BE." RE hums.

"What, you old buffoon." I snap.

"Your son." He sighs.

Oh shit I forgot about him for a second.

I walk past RE and towards the stairs, he follows behind. We eventually make it to USSR's room, RE knocks on the door.

"Children, open the door. UK it's time for you to go home." He yells.

No answer.

I don't have time for this so I open the door, but they're not there. I panic a little. RE shoves past me and into the room.

"Oi."

"Oh my mistake, ladies first~."

I roll my eyes. RE opens the balcony door and puts his thumb up. Thank goodness they're okay.

I walk out the balcony to see both of our sons asleep, Kingdom resting his head on USSR's shoulder.

Me and RE just stand there.

Aaaand done

Work count: 1090

Chapter 3

1 year later:

I dash down the hall, heavy footsteps crashing behind me. I collapse into the door and turn the doorknob, opening the entrance to the room and slam it shut. I cover my face in my hands, breathing heavily.

"Kingdom! open the door you little wuss." Yells my brother.

"Go away Ame I'm not in the mood for this." I yell, still pinning the door shut.

I slowly gaze upwards, 'were they there the whole time?' I think to myself. My brothers Aussie and Nada sit peacefully on my bed.

"Heya Kingdom, you feeling okay." Aussie asks, sitting cross legged. I don't respond.

"Don't worry King, me n' Aussie will keep you safe." Canada reassures, giving me a smile. I smile back.

"Aww does baby UK need to be protected by his big 'bwovers'." Ame yells on the other side of the door. Aussie growls and gets up off the bed, opening the door wide. He looks down at America.

"Just remember that I have these." Aussie snarls, flashing out his claws.

"And I ain't afraid to use em'."

America glares at his dark black claws and takes a step back. I know Aussie wasn't really going to use them, he just uses them as a threat, but mainly just to protect me from being bullied by most of my siblings.

"F-fine whatever." Ame stutters, and runs down the hall. Aussie retracts his claws, closes the door and walks back over to me Nada.

"So where were we?" Nada coughs.

"How's that friend of yours Kingdom?" Aussie asks, sitting down.

"Oh... he's great, he knows lots of amazing things, a-and he has a balcony and we always stand on it together, he also has a really fantastic eye, it's like fire and...." I pause.

"Oooo, looks like someone has a cruuush." Aussie teased.

"W-what!" I yell.

"Aww, does lil King have a boyfriend?" Says Nada.

"Wah!? No, we're just friends, nothing else." I huff, annoyed.

"Hey don't worry, we won't tell anyone, promise." Nada says, wrapping his arm around me. I groan under my breath and roll my eyes, but I can't get mad at these guys. Number one they're the eldest, and number two, they're the only people who I can speak my mind to.

There is a slight knock at my door. The doorknob turns and one of the servants peep through the gap.

"Evening Prince United Kingdom, Prince Canada and Prince Australia. Prince Kingdom, your father would like downstairs, you are going to visit King Russian Empire and his son Prince USSR again." They say.

I nod in response and they leave. Nada nudges me in the arm, I already know what he means. I growl and smack his hand, he only giggles back which makes me even more frustrated.

I make my way out of the room and towards the main hall.

Me and Soviet have been visiting for a while now, but it's been three weeks since that. I can't wait to see him, he's so kind to me, but he's quite rough, not in a bad way, just....in an existing sort of way. Does that make sense? Eh, either way I just can't wait any

longer.

After a while if being pulled around in a carriage for half an hour we finally make it to the palace. I hurl out and run to the doors.

"Kingdom!" My father shouts. But I don't listen, I use my small wings to flutter up to the big door knocker and smash it against the metal. I stumble back to my feet and wait like an excited puppy. The door slowly starts to creak open, father catches up to me and grabs my shoulder, he looks down at me and growls. I avert my eyes from his.

The door opens fully and there stands a servant.

"Oh привет King BE and Prince UK, The King is waiting for you inside." They say, leading us to the main room.

No-one's pov:

Soviet stands next to his father, playing with his fingers. He can't wait to see Britain, just thinking about him makes his heart swirl. Suddenly the doors to the main room swing open. A servant leads BE and UK inside. UK spots Soviet and his eyes light up like stars.

"Soviet!" UK yells, running towards him.

"Heya Brit!"

UK grabs Soviet's hands and spreads his wings to lift him up into the air. They swirl around whilst giggling and kicking their legs frantically.

"СССР, take Prince UK up to your room or to Royal garden." Says RE.

"Да папа, I will take him to the garden." Soviet beams, whilst being let down by Britain. He leads the smaller country to Royal garden, still holding his hand. Britain blushes.

The moon starts to rise and the stars glisten in the sky like tiny

fireflies. Britain and Soviet laugh as they chase each other around the garden, they eventually get tired and go to sit on a bench.

"Hey Sovi."

"Yes?"

"You promise that we'll always be friends, right?"

"Of course, you're my comrade and comrades never abandon each other."

"Really?"

"Yup."

There is a moment of silence before Britain swoops in and hugs Soviet, wrapping his small fluffy wings around him. Soviet smiles as his cheeks heat up.

"Hey, can I touch your wings?" Soviet asks.

"Um sure." Britain says, a little confused. Soviet reaches out to touch the little countries wings. They're so soft and warm, like kitten fur.

"Why are they so soft?" He asks, still stroking and patting them.

"Er, I'm not sure?" Britain simply says. Soviet eventually stops petting them and laughs.

"I wish I had wings." He sighs, looking down.

"Well maby one day, when I'm alot bigger I can fly you around on my back. And we can go above the clouds and see the all the stars." Britain hums.

"Hhm, that would be nice." Soviet murmurs.

The two of them sit in silence, enjoying each others presence, and gazing at the sky.

Yaaaaay

Work count: 1013

Chapter 4

5 weeks later:

The floor creaks under my feet, I'm not supposed to be awake right now. All my siblings are asleep, including father. I sneak past a few guards, I'm really good at sneaking. I quietly run up the stairs towards father's room, with my hands clenched tightly together. Suddenly I hear footsteps, its probably one of the guards. I start to sprint down the long hall, 'ow' I wimper. I glance behind me, 'great' my wings been caught in one of the huge metal Knight armours. The footsteps get louder, I tug at my wing. A tear escapes my eye, 'this hurts so much!' I think to myself. I finally get my it free and run behind a curtain to hide. I check out my wing, a feather was pulled out, but it's okay, there's only a small dab of blood.

I stay deadly still as I hear the footsteps stop...then start again, they go right past me. I sigh in relief. I creep up to the door and gaze at the handle, I take a breath and open the door. It's quite dark in the room, but it's bright enough for me to see.

I walk up to father's bed. He's fast asleep... I have to wake him up. I climb on the bed and shake him gently, he growls a little. I shake him a little harder this time, maby he'll wake up now. But no, he stretches out his huge wings and shoves me off the bed with them. "Ouch." I whine. His father senses must of gone off because he immediately got up.

"Kingdom? Why the bloody hell are you here?"

"I have a question."

"And.....why did you think it would be a good time to tell me.... now?"

"Because you're always busy and I never get the chance."

Father sighs." Fine, what is it?"

" when are we going to see RE again?"

"Seriously, Kingdom, tomorrow is the final day we are going to visit them."

"What... w-why."

"The reason why is because me and RE no longer need to have meetings anymore, and he and his son are going to move further into their territory." He huffs.

I don't say anything, I stay silent. 'We're not going to visit anymore, but...Soviet is my friend he's the only friend I've ever had.' I think to myself. A tear rolls down my cheek.

The door bursts open. "Don't worry your majesty, we'll escort the Prince back to his room." The guard says.

"Thank you, but how did you know he was here?" Father asks.

"There was a small feather on the floor in the hall. It belongs to the Prince." They state.

Father nods his head and the guard takes my hand to lead me back to my room.

The next day:

We get ready to go and say goodbye to RE and Soviet, 'I can't believe it, I'm losing the only friend I've ever had.' My wings droop downwards as my eyes start to sting again.

"UK, your father is waiting for you in the carriage." One of the servants say, leading down to offer her hand.

I wipe my tears and hesitantly take it. She leads me to the carriage and sits me next to father, he looks down at me and puts his wing over my shoulder again.

Thirty minutes later:

We arrive at the palace. I gaze around and spot a few servants walking in and out, they must be helping the King pack and get ready to leave. I get out of the carriage and walk towards the huge palace, I am greeted by one of the servants and let inside.

I see Soviet standing in corner.

"Soviet!" I yell, tears welling up in my eyes.

"Brit!" He yells back. We both run into each other and hug, both of us sniffing a little.

"Oh Soviet, I don't want to say goodbye!" I cry.

"Neither do I." He replies.

"Which is why I asked my papa if we could have at least another hour together, and he said yes!" Soviet beams.

"R-really, that's great!" I shout, flinging my arms around his neck. He giggles and we both run off to have fun together for the last time.

RE's pov:

"Where is my son?" BE asks with a 'fuck' expression on his face.

"Oh, USSR asked if they could have at least an hour to say goodbye." I say calmly.

"WHAT, but I have to leave soon!" BE says, 'not calmly'.

"Oh relax, no need to get your feathers all ruffled up." I smirk. BE just growls at me and looks away.

"It's fine I'm sure they're not setting anything on fire, like you did when we were young." I say. BE rolls his eyes.

"I hate you." He murmurs.

"Naahh, you love me." I tease.

"No I do not!" He snaps.

"Her you do." I smile. BE just sighs and continues to help me pack.

"...You recon that our two like each other?" I ask.

" Yes but I'd rather not get involved in ther relationship." He says calmly.

I just smile and continue to pack.

UK's pov:

We laugh hysterically, constantly trying to catch our breath. Soviet and I lay on the floor of the room, happy and full of joy. But, I realise that this is the last time I'll ever see him. My heart sinks and tears form in my eyes.

"Woah hey are you okay?" Soviet asks.

I shake my head. "Listen I know you're sad, but I am too. And I really don't want to loose you." He says hugging me. I hug back, enjoying the moment.

"Thanks." I sniff, my head burrowed into his neck. Soviet gently kisses me on the cheek. My face starts to burn out of pure embarrassment.

"You seem shocked." Soviet says, completely calm. I stare at him blankly, until I calm down. I wrap my arms back around him and put my head back on his neck.

"I love you sovi." I mumble.

"I love you too Brit." He responds, still hugging me tight, not letting go, and me not wanting to either.

And now the fun begins.

Word count: 1040

Chapter 5

10 years later:

The snow crunches underneath me as the sound of bombs and guns blare through the air. 'Stupid Nazi, this is all because of him, he should just kill himself already' I think to myself as I huff and tread in the thick snow. I decide to hide behind a tree to catch my breath, there are dozens of them surrounding me.

A tree branch snaps. I whip around and unleash my claws, I stay silent and still.

I hear a click then a shot, a heap of snow blasts into the air. 'It just missed me'. I begin to run, my heart thumping in my chest, not daring to look back. I hurl over tree roots sticking out of the ground and barge past huge trees in my way, painting out of fear. 'Is this it? Am I going to die?'

I come across a big opening in the forest, 'this is my chance to escape!' The footsteps get louder and faster. I angle myself, making sure I won't fail. Then I spread my wings and take flight, I get at least three meters above ground. But then I hear another shot followed by piercing pain in my waist, then another shot in my right wing. I scream in pain and fall to the ground. I hit the ground hard, it makes me light headed. I remove my hand from my waist and look at it, it's covered in blood. I cough and splats of it come out.

I lay lifeless on the ground, my eyes getting heavy. A figure looms over me, I look up.

"Soviet..."

He makes eye contact with me, not saying a word.

The darkness is consuming me, I strain in discomfort, trying to stay conscious. It doesn't work. 'Why would he do this? We were friends,

I trusted him. But no, he had to sign that stupid treaty.' I think to myself. 'I loved him.'

I black out.

I stare at him lying on the cold floor, why? Why did I do this, why did I hurt him? His blood leaks from his body until all the snow around him is red. But he's still breathing. Good, I didn't shoot him in the lungs. I kneel down to pick him up, I do it gently so that I don't hurt him anymore. I hold him close to my chest.

I need to be quick I can't lose him.

Okayy this was a rly short chapter, but don't worry, there is more to come. :D

Word count: 428

Chapter 6

My body aches in pain, I can't be bothered to move. Everything hurts. I slowly open my eyes, wait. Am I in a room? I hiss in pain as I sit up and look around, I am in a room, there's a small fire place in front of me, it has orange glowing fire in it. I look down, I'm on a bed too, covered in bandages. One on my torso, and one on my right wing joint. 'Why the bloody hell am I in a bed?' I think to myself. 'Wait!' I look down under the covers, thank God, I haven't been molested, as I still have my trousers on.

I hear footsteps coming from behind the closed door. My heart sinks in fear. The door opens, light spills into the room I'm in making me squint.

"Are you okay." A deep husky voice asks. Wait, I know exactly who it is.

"Are you okay. ARE YOU OKAY!? WHY THE BLOODY FUCK, WOULD I BE OKAY? YOUUU, SHOT ME...TWICE!" I yell in anger.

"I KNOW, BUT IF I DIDN'T KILL YOU I'D GET IN TROUBLE!" He shouts back.

"OH, SO YOU JUST DECIDE TO SHOOT ME THEN!?" I shout sarcastically.

"PEOPLE WERE WATCHING ME!" He practically screams.

I stay silent. 'He..pretended to kill me?' I think to myself. My cheeks heat up, only a little.

"F-fine, I'll forgive you for 'that'. But I'll never forgive you for allying with that 'Nazi fuck'." I growl.

"That's fine with me." Soviet sighs.

"Wait, didn't all that shouting hurt?" He asks.

I don't even say anything, I just gave him a 'you're a sodding wanker' look. He gets the message and looks away. We both just sit there, well I just sit there, but Soviet stands there. Awkwardly.

"You want, tea or something?" Soviet asks.

"No." I reply, still a little pissed off.

"Wait, what. You're turning down the offer of...tea?" He says, quite stunned.

"Well, yes. I mean who would want tea after being shot? I mean do you think an unconscious person would want tea? Because believe me, unconscious people don't want tea." I explain.

"Fair point." Soviet shrugs. I still sit in silence with my arms crossed. I don't know what to do right now. It's a little embarrassing. Soviet starts walking over to me. I crouch in anger and fear, what the hell does he want? He sits down next to me and sighs.

"I'm sorry for everything I've done. I shouldn't of shot you, I shouldn't of teamed up with Nazi and I shouldn't of argued with you." He murmurs.

I look down to the floor. Does he really mean it? I sigh and wrap my wing around him, just like my father did. I still bloody hate him though. Soviet flinches a little. I can feel him looking at me.

"Don't get used to this." I say, looking away from him.

"Your wings are still as soft as I remember." He says. My cheeks heat up again.

"Don't try me Sovi." I growl.

"Did you just call me 'Sovi'?" He asks.

"Wah i- no, I didn't mean it like that." I hiss.

"You did." He whispers, stroking my wing. I give in and let him continue to pet it. It feels nice anyway.

"C'mon, let's get out of this room." Soviet says, getting up. He holds a hand out to help me off the bed. I take it, and with some help, manage to step off. I hiss and groan in pain, my body still hurts. Soviet puts my arm over his shoulder and helps me stand straight.

He guides me out of the room and through the hall. We get to the main room and Soviet sits me on the sofa.

"Where are the rest of my clothes?" I ask.

"O-oh um, I'll go get them." Soviet stutters and goes off to find them. He comes back, it's all in his hands. I take them off him and put them on. I get up and try to find an exit.

"Hey, where are you going?" Soviet asks, sounding a little concerned.

"Back, to my, base camp." I strain, practically limping.

"No, you can't leave, look at yourself. You're so weak, you'd probably get killed by patrollers within mile." He says in his thick accent.

"I, don't, care!" I pout. Still limping.

"And your wing is hurt, so you can't fly." He yells.

"Still, don't, care!" I yell back. I suddenly feel myself being picked up. 'Oh great, my 'shortness' is finally acting up' I think to myself. He turns me around and stares deeply into my eyes.

"You're not going anywhere." He whispers harshly, making me blush. He swings me back onto his shoulder and walks back to the main room, throwing me onto the sofa.

"OUCH! 'FUCK', my wing" I yell in pain.

"Sorry, sorry, I didn't mean to throw you 'that' hard." He sighs, sitting next to me. I sit up and look down, with a pouty expression on my face.

"You know, you can't leave here without being seen." Soviet says.

"Why?"

"Everyone thinks you're dead."

"Oh, right." I wisper.

'Great, looks like I'm stuck here with him.'

Yeah, I know I said I wouldn't post in two days but whoop here I am so consider yourself lucky.

Word count: 890

Chapter 7

2 days later:

It's been....okay, I guess. Staying here with Soviet. He's been helping me with my wounds and making sure I don't move too much. It reminds me of how he treated me when we were children. Whenever I fell over he would help me up and put a bandage on. It would always make my cheeks heat up. I also remember the time he kissed me...

"Brit briiit, hey you okay." Asks a voice. It's Soviet.

"Hmm? Oh yes, I'm fine."

"Okay, you've been zoning out quite a lot, maby it's the loss of blood."

"Wonder who's fault that was." I smirk.

He just rolls his eyes and sits next to me, looking in the other direction. I yawn and wrap my wings around myself, it's like 2:00am right now and my eyes are getting heavy.

I don't want to be here anymore, I want to go home, but I'm too weak. And like Soviet said, there are patrollers that will probably kill me if I'm seen. Not to mention that my wing still hurts like bloody hell.

Soviet said that by the time I'm healed he'd help me get back. But I don't see the point, don't you just take me home now? Probably because he wants to bond a little more. After all we haven't spoken to each other in years.

My eyes are getting really heavy now, it hurts to keep them open. I give up and let the darkness consume me.

Soviet's pov:

I feel terrible for shooting Brit, but I had no choice. There were soldiers surrounding me, they all knew that I had him in my sites. If I didn't at least shoot him I'd be seen as a fool. So, I faked it, and now everyone thinks he's dead, which means it's going to be difficult getting him back home.

Suddenly, there's a small thud on my left arm. I look down to see Brit, passed out. 'The sleep must of finally got to him.' I think to myself. I blush slightly at the cute little country on my arm. He sleeps peacefully.

I lean down and kiss him on the head, he blushes a little in his sleep and smiles, wrapping his arms around my waist. My face gets even redder than it usually is.

My eyes start to feel heavy and I let out a small yawn. I can't be bothered to stay awake any longer, I close my eyes and drift to sleep.

The sound of birds singing outside fills my head. It's kind of annoying actually. I flutter open my eyes and glance around the main room I fell asleep in. The soft light leaks through the curtains, hitting the floor making it look shiny. The fire that was going had died down, leaving nothing but soot and grey, burnt, crusty wood. I flop my head back down to try and go back to sleep.

But I notice something warm and fuzzy on my head. I reach up my hand touch something, I pull it off my head. 'Soviet's hat?' I think to myself, feeling the soft fur inside. I don't feel like questioning why this is on my head right now. I lay back down and close my eyes.

I suddenly flinch as someone puts their arm over my waist. I shoot up looking behind me. Soviet?

I see a sleeping Soviet laying down behind me, he looks very peaceful and calm. But his expression turns from calm and intent to a disturbed frown. He flings his arm back around my waist and pulls me down next to him, so that we're both face to face.

He flutters his eye open.

"Mornin' Brit." He mumbles. I feel a bit uncomfortable about all this right now.

"Soviet, the bloody hell are you doi-." I'm cut off, by Soviet kissing me. On the lips. My eyes shoot wide open and I push him off me.

"S-sovi, the bloody 'fuck' are you doing?" I ask, panting.

He sits up looking completely puzzled.

"What, what is it?...and why are you wearing hat?" He asks. This man I swear.

"Y-you just KISSED me you idiot!" I yell. Seriously is this guy okay, did he bump his head or something?

"I-I did!?" I says, raising his voice.

"YES YOU BLOODY DID YOU WANKER!" I shout.

Soviet doesn't say anything, he just sits there. Looking like he just threw a rubber ball at a five year old.

Help I'm running out of ideas ☐

Word count: 761

Chapter 8

Soviet's pov:

"WHY THE FUCK DID YOU KISS ME!?"

"how many times do I have to tell you, I DON'T KNOW!"

"WHAT, H-HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW, YOU DID IT!"

"LISTEN HERE I-" I'm cut off by a knock on the door. Who the fuck is that, they must be very brave to go and do that. But great now I have to hide Brit. I grab his shoulders and look him dead in the eyes, his cheeks flush a deep red, deeper than his stripes.

"You have to hide." I wisper to him. He snaps out of his trance.

"Wh-whaa?"

"You.have.to.hide." I say slightly shaking him as I say each word.

"oh." He wispers back. My eye darts around the room as I look for a place put him. The knocking on the door gets harder.

"Приходящий!" I yell.

I shove Brit in a small wardrobe. He grunts a little.

I run over to the front door and swing it open, and. Oh no, oh nononono it's 'him'.

"Heya Sovi." He says, crossing his arms and tilting his hips at an angle.

"America." I growl, trying to hide my rage. Seriously this son of a bitch gets on my fucking nerves, he never stops talking and always acts so....flirtatious. It makes me want to strangle him. (No offence to American people).

I sigh. "What do you wha-"

"I was just wondering if you've seen my lil' brother anywhere." He interrupts, rude.

"No I haven't." I snarl.

"*GASP* really!? Because the last time he was ever seen was in *your* territory." He mocks, folding his arms again.

'Wait how did he know he was here' I think to myself. He smiles widely, as I he knew what I was thinking.

I clench my fists, I really want to beat this guy up. But I calm down, I have to, I can't just beat him up. That means alot of harm to this country.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I huff.

"Mhm sure, so then who were you yelling at just now?" He asks. How the fuck did he hear us, either he has outstanding hearing or this place just isn't that sound proof.

"Um hellooo, earth to Soviet. Ha get it? Anyway you gonna awnser me or not." He says raising his voice a little.

"Um, I was yelling at myself."

"....."

"....."

"Alright then, so I guess you don't mind if I... came in?" He smirks.

This bitch I swear.

"What, no you can't just-" He shoves past me.

"Okay bla bla bla enough talk I'd like to see if you've killed my brother or not."

"Pff you're not even related." I murmer, crossing my arms.

Ame walks around the cabin, examining every room. He isn't even saying anything, that's got to be a new record for him.

"America. Did any of my troops see you?" I ask.

"Hmm? Oh yeah yeah, I had to kill a few though."

"YOU KILLED MY TROOPS!" I yell.

"Only three, once they realised I was a CH they kinda backed off." He shrugs. I growl and continue walking with him.

"...How are you and 'reich' getting along." He smirks.

"You know 'exactly' what happened." I snap.

"Oh yeah that's right he 'broke' the pact, didn't he." He smiles. I sigh, and think back to the time I signed that pact. I knew something was up back then. After that bastard betrayed me, I stayed alone and isolated.

Flashback:

"What do you mean 'team up?'"

"Oh ya know, become each others ally."

"Why?"

"It doesn't matter. All you need to know is that if we work together, we'll be an undefeatable force. And our enemies will have no choice but to surrender!"

"...."

"I promise that I'll never hurt or kill any of your troops or destroy any of your territory. But you also have to do the same."

"Fine."

"So it's a deal then?"

"Yes, and stop smiling like that. Its freaky."

End of flashback:

"Hey heyyy....HEY!"

I'm snapped out of my thoughts by America screaming at me.

"What." I growl. Showing my sharp teeth this time.

"Couldn't find anything, I'm gonna leave... and for the love of god please blunt your teeth, I swear I could cut myself just lookin' at em." He says, walking towards the door.

America finally leaves. I run to where I left Brit hoping he hasn't suffocated yet.

"Brit, you okay?" I say out loud.

"Yes, now get me out of here I don't like it." He replies, sounding a little muffled.

"Sure." I say, walking towards the wardrobe I shoved him in. I open the door and Brit flings out, gasping for air, holding onto shoulders. He finally catches his breath and calms down, stretching out his wings. I stare at them, they're huge...and fluffy, can't forget fluffy.

"They've got bloody pins and needles now." He mumbles, still stretching them.

"Hm....I have a question." I say.

"Yes?"

"Why did you blush so hard when I was about to shove you in the wardrobe?"

"I...don't know what you mean." He blushes.

"..... you thought I was going to kiss you again didn't you." I smirk.

"What no that's.. odd."

"You know, I can kiss you anytime you like." I say lowering my voice.

Brit blushes even harder, trying to keep he's breathing stable.

"G-go on then." He mumbles.

"What."

"I said go on then...you twat."

"Sure." I shrug, pressing my lips against Brit's. He loosens up wrapping his arms around my neck, kissing back. I put my arms over his waist and hold him tightly.

We eventually part, gazing into each others eyes. Brit looks away, clearly flustered.

"I-Im too tired for this." He huffs.

"Tired how are you tired now? Its not even that late." I ask, a little annoyed.

He just shrugs and hugs me, wrapping his wings around me slowly. They must still hurt. And he does actually look a bit tired too....fine.

"Okay, I guess we could sleep in for a bit." I say. He smiles and I kiss him on the head.

Okay time to watch all the helluva boss episodes.....again.
See ya!

Word count: 1036

Chapter 9

(Suprise motherfuckers :3)

Soviet's pov:

It's been about two months since I shot Brit....twice. America carries on visiting and edging on about how he thinks I'm still somehow hiding Britain. It's always the same thing.

'Where's Brit commie bitch!?' And 'I know you're hiding him somewhere ya fuckin dick!' I can never get any rest, alone, with Britain...

"Hey Sovie?" A small voice beams from behind me.

I turn to face the small country before me.

"Да?"

"I was just wondering, that it's been a while since I've been shot by a certain someone, *twice*, and I was hoping that I could possibly go out and-"

"Het." I huff, putting on a more serious expression.

"Wh- WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'NYET'." Britain yells giving me a sour face.

I roll my eyes.

"You know exactly what I mean. Your wings are fine now, so you should just stay put." I say.

"But if my wings are fine, I should at least try to use them to see if they y'know, **STILL BLOODY WORK!**" He shouts at me.

I sigh and kneel down on one knee, pulling the small Brit's face closer to mine. I stare at him intensely.

"Britain, your wings are fine." I hush.

He overts his eyes from mine.

"So please..." I kneel down closer to his ear.

"Just stay with me alittle longer~" I wisper, cupping my hands down onto his cheeks.

I can feel his face get hotter as I pull him closer.

"Soviet..."

'He's mine.'

I pull him even closer, pressing our lips together. He calms down and kisses back, closing his eyes. I kiss him as gently and passionately as possible, I don't want to startle him. We pull apart and stare at each other. He looks so...weak, his face is pale and dull and his eyes are cloudy and lifeless. It's as if all the joy and sarcasm has been sucked out of him.

"Britain, are you okay?"

He widens his eyes alittle. I feel his grip get tighter.

"I-

BANG BANG*

"Knock knock, its America motherfuckers!"

I growl. "Fuck off pig."

Britain grabs my arm even tighter and gives me a fearfull look.

"Go and hide." I say.

Suddenly his face goes from a scarred look to a sour expression. He scoffs and paces off upstairs.

'What's his deal?'

Britain's pov:

I storm up stairs and slam the door to me and Soviet's room shut. I can hear him and my brother arguing down there, it gives me a sodding headache. In fact, this whole bloody house gives me a headache! I don't want to be cooped up in here for the rest of my life.

I desperately glance around the room for an exit as I hear USSR begin to usher America out. 'Hurry up hurry up, he'll be here any second!' I mentally panic. There has to be something!

"Britain is everything okay?"

My eyes light up for what feels like the first time.

"The window."

I take a few steps back, I'm about to fucking destroy this thing. I spread my wings as wide as they could possibly go. I take a few deep breaths.

"Alright boys, ready for a bit of exercise?" I say.

I take off pelting at full speed towards the window. I smash right through it, hoisting my wings up and down as I get a good distance away from the horrid place. I needed this.

"HAHAHAAA, oh how I've missed you!" I yell frantically, swooping up and down taking in huge deep breaths of the cool fresh air.

I close my eyes as I glide peacefully through the air. I feel so free and wild. I close my wings making me fall at horrific speeds towards the ground before I pick myself back up at the last second. I've never enjoyed doing this so much.

....but, I didn't mean to just ditch USSR like that, I'll definitely be back....right after I make a small trip home, back to Europe.

Soviet's pov:

'I finally managed to get rid of that annoying pig, took me long enough.' I think myself heading back up to Britain.

"Britain is everything okay?" I ask...no awnser.

SMASH*

I hear a huge amount of glass shatter from our room. My heart sinks.

"BRITAN, BRITAIN ARE YOU OKAY!?" I yell, starting to panic.

I fling the door open and scan the room. But there's no sign of him anywhere. I run towards the window and gaze out of it, my heart beating at one hundred miles an hour.

"Where is he, where is he!?"

I fall to my knees and cover my face... I take another small glance at the floor and.....a feather?

I pick up the small blue feather with red and white swirls and dots on it. No he couldn't have, he's still healing right? I gaze back up to the window.

"Het."

Chapter 10

I can't keep going on like this, my joints feel like they're going to snap at any second. There has to be somewhere I can land. I flap my wings even harder than before groaning at the aching pain as I lower myself towards the ground. Oh thank heavens, there's a huge body of land beneath me. I fly even lower as I try to distinguish where I am....

"Oh bloody hell, why here?" I growl.

Oh well it'll have to do. My body is killing me.

France's pov:

I pace anxiously up and down the room I'm in. He's been gone for too long now! Where could he be!? WHAT IF HE'S DEAD? Or even worse, STRAIGHT!?

"Hey Francy pants, cool your beans will ya?" America scoffs from a corner, painting his nails black.

"Well, Amérique, MY BEANS ARE BOILING!"

"Jesus Christ, here we go..."

"I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN WHAT FEELS LIKE A YEAR, HE COULD BE DEAD OR STARVING OR-OR-OR..."

"FRANCE, calm your gay ass down jeez, my little bro is a toughy, he should be fine." America sighs.

I puff out my chest to cuss the living hell out of him. But there's a sudden knock at the door.

"I'll get it." I groan, slumping off towards the door.

Britain's pov:

I knock on the huge door standing before me and wait for an answer, panting from all the work I had just done. I lean on the wall and wait. The door flings open and I'm greeted with the biggest slack off of all time.

"Ohh.....kill me."

"BRETAGNE, OH MON AMI YOU'RE ALIVE!" France gasps, hugging onto me so tightly that I hear my own bones pop.

"Ghhk! ffrance...you can... let go nnnow!" I strain, trying to wriggle free.

I've never been much of a hugger. I mean, I *do* want hugs, it's just that when I receive them, I hate it. Except from when I was with Soviet of course. I didn't mind getting them then. I heave myself away from the gigantic puppy and dust myself off.

"Oh Bretagne, you look exhausted mon ami. Come, you can sit down and rest inside." He says, taking my hand and leading me inside.

"So let me get this straight, you 'ave been stuck with Soviet all this time, because he shot you-"

"Twice." I interrupt.

"Right, twice. And he felt bad so he took you in and helped you recover..."

"Yes." I say, feeling my cheeks heat up.

"And he got a little over protective so you broke out and left him?" France finishes tilting his head.

"Yes."

"I KNEW IT!" America exclaims, standing up and knocking his chair over.

I give him a sour look.

"Ahem* sorry, continue."

France looks at me with an annoyed yet relieved expression. He gets up and walks towards me, giving me another tight hug. I sort of hug back.

"I'm just glad that you're okay." France sighs, still hugging me.

"Well, now that that's sorted, I've gotta go interrogate USSR, I'll teach that comie bitch not to fuck around with my little bro." America scoffs, leaving the room with a smirk on his face.

"Okay, well have fun with that." I say, watching him close the door behind him.

I get up off from my chair and stretch out my wings. I hiss in pain as my muscles start to cramp.

"Still hurts?" France asks.

"Yes, everything still bloody hurts." I groan.

He walks forward and takes my hand. I turn around to be met by France, inches away from pressing his body against mine.

"France whatever you plan on doing, I'd recommend stopping immediately." I say, forcing my body against the wall behind me.

He pays no attention to what I say and cups my cheek in his hand, kissing me on the cheek. My face flushes red out of embarrassment. I grab his chest and push him away from me, staring deeply into his blue eyes.

"France, I know what you're trying to do, and it's not working. I'm sorry but we're not getting back together. Its over."

He nods slowly in agreement and releases my hand from his.

"Oui, I understand." He sighs, not looking up from the ground.

"Thank you." I say, walking towards the door.

I look back behind me. France doesn't move or make any noise, he just stands there, hands down by his sides, eyes gazing at the floor.

"Hey, we're still friends...okay." I say.

He shows me a faint smile even though he's still very much in pain.

I look back and exit the room.

WOOO 10th chapter!!!



I know it's quite short but eh...

Word count:788

Chapter 11

A few hundred years ago:

BE's pov:

"Kingdom, KINGDOM! Ugh, will you please, *struggling* just SIT STILL!"

"NO, I REFUSE. I WILL NOT MARRY THAT-THAT FROG!" My son yells in arrogance.

I groan and pinch my forehead, leaning back into my chair. Taking a few deep breaths.

"United Kingdom, you are to marry France whether you like it or not. It's for the greater good that our two nations finally get past all the pain and agony of our history-

"By forcing us to marry!? Why don't you just sign a stupid treaty or something!"

I sigh again, placing a hand onto my son's shoulder. I look him deep in the eyes, tightening my grip alittle.

"Kingdom, I know this isn't what you want, but this is serious. You truly are taking a big step for this nation, and I appreciate that. But I can't have you acting so down about it. What do you think FE will think! Seeing you all gloomy."

My son's face loosens to a softer one. He takes a step back and glance to the floor, playing with his fingers.

"Ok, I'll do it." He murmurs.

I take my hand from his shoulder.

"You did the right thing." I say, getting up from my chair and dusting off my cloak.

I walk towards the exit, my guards pacing beside me. I take a quick look back at Kingdom. His wings droop to the floor as he stands as still as a statue.

A couple hours later:

(Still BE's pov)

We had arrived at the country of France. I must say that the journey here was....tolerable. A few of my men threw up over the sides of the ship, but other than that all was quite alright. I gaze down at my son, he doesn't at all look happy to be here. Oh well too bad, he didn't have a choice either way.

"Well if it isn't my old companion!" A voice yells from a distance away.

I swivel my head around to locate the voice's whereabouts.

My heart sinks.

"BE, you old ruffled up bird! It's good to see you again." RE shouts in my face, ruffling my hair. His accent peircing my eardrums.

"Charmed." I reply, not giving him any eye contact.

"Having fun making meaningless deals with the lower class~?" He asks, almost seductively.

"Having fun being alone?" I spit back.

He hesitates for a second.

"HA no! My formling, USSR, he's thriving at the moment, his land is expanding, and doing far better than your little troll is." He smirks.

"I'm betting all your land that it'll go to shit." I snicker.

He rolls his eyes.

"Speaking of formlings, aren't you supposed to keeping an eye on

yours?" He grins, pointing to the ground.

'....shit, the little shit ran off.'

UK's pov:

I run as fast as can, slightly laughing to myself. Glad I got myself out of that mess, now to find a way off this stupid countr-

PAM

"OH! Ze Prince, please forgive moi I'll escort you to ze palace immediately." The tall guard before me says, gently talking me by the wrist.

Before I can say anything I'm dragged to the palace, where my so-called 'husband' awaits for me.

I arrive in the great Palace of France, the guard still holding my wrist. He leads me up a flight of stairs and towards a bright red door. He grasps the handle and pushes it wide open. And there stands a small figure, about the same size as me. Their hair was all curled and they had a slim grey-blue waist coat with puffy sleeves.

"Your majesty, zis is Prince France. Your future husband!" The guard says with a smile.

I grit my teeth as he pushes me into the room and slams the door behind me.

I fall flat on my face.

"Oh my! Are you alright?" France asks me.

"Yes, I'm fine." I say, in quite a sour tone, pushing myself up.

"Oh my, oh my, OH MY! You're so attractive! Your eyes are très beautiful! And your skin looks so smooth!" France beams, his face

getting all pink as his eyes shimmer like a lake under moonlight.

It is quite adorable I must say, he looks like a puppy, but...I already have a place for someone in my heart, and that isn't changing. Ever!

"So, do you like red flowers or blue flowers? Do you like violin or cello? Do you prefer honey or syrup!? I WANT THIS DAY TO BE PERFECT!

"Alright, alright calm down. We can talk about all of this later." I say, putting my hands up in front of him.

'Jesus Christ! I can practically *see* his tail wagging.' I think to myself.

"I'm going to go for a quick walk, I'll be back soon." I announce, opening the red door.

France glares at me. "Ah okay! I'll be right here." He says with a smile on his face.

I smile back as I pull the door closed and sigh one I've done so.

'This is going to be a long day.'

I walk down the long hallways of the castle, thinking to myself.

'How will I say this to Soviet!? Will he freak out? No no no, I'm sure he won't mind, I'll just visit him in secret. But France seems like an okay guy, and I don't want to hurt him. **ARRG THIS IS ALL SO INCONVENIENT!**

I groan in annoyance as I pace around the building, biting the flesh off the tips of my fingers.

'You idiot, just get the bloody wedding over and done with, it's just a form of a stupid treaty anyway.' I say in my thoughts.

I swivel back around and head back to France's room.

And walk in on my Father and RE aggressively eating each others faces out.

OKAYY IM SO SORRY FOR NOT EXISTING FOR LIKE ALMOST A YEAR!

It's rlly short and I'm sorry for that.

I will try to keep updating.

Chapter 12

Britain's pov:

I stand patiently and idle. The constant chatter coming from all the random people scattered about all trying to get to their destination. A few of the people shoot me a look of shock. There's a few "Wow, is that a real Countryhuman?" Along with an occasional "Is that Britain? What's he doing here?"

Of course, they were all speaking French as I still was in the country of France. I'd just thought that since my wings were still in pain, why fly back to Russia when I could just take a train? Sure, it would take a while, but I'd get some rest out of it. And besides, I'm sure Soviet can wait.

The train finally pulles up to the station, with clouds of grey smoke pouring out of it as it hissed loudly. The doors swing open, and I'm greeted with the great warmth from the inside.

It reminds me of how desperately I want to be embraced by him.

I step in and take a seat as the vehicle begins to pull forward.

Soviet's pov:

Shit shit shit! Why the fuck would he do something so reckless like that!? Someone could of seen him, and on top of that, my window is fucking smashed!

I pace aggressively up and down the hallways, biting the flesh off the tips of my fingers. The great storm of emotions crashing inside of me.

"That's it. I'm going after him."

I pace over to the front door and grab my shot gun, reloading it. I lean forward to grab the handle, but I'm interrupted by something

kicking it in. Sending me flat onto my ass.

"SUP MOTHA FUKAH!" America yells at the top of his lungs. A simple pistol in his hand.

"You." I practically growl, squeezing the weapon in my grasp.

"So anyway, I like totally knew that you took my brother, and I'm sorta gettin' sick of constantly chasing after you. SO WE'RE GONNA END IT HERE BIATCH!"

America points the gun towards my face, a short 'click' coming from the small weapon.

I grit my teeth, standing back up. I golden eye piercing right through him as it glows in the dark shadows of the house. I load up the gun in my hand, smirking a little.

"I shall drink the fresh blood that flows from your rotting corpse. America~"

Throwing my gun to the side, I leap forward, pinning him to the ground. I grasp my hands around his neck, tightening my hold. I watch him gasp and squirm for breath as a single flow of blood leaks down from his mouth to his chin. I grip his throat harder, making my own bones pop. America attempts to shoot me in the back with the pistol he pointed at me earlier, but I grab his wrist, pinning it to the floor. A single shot fires, missing us both, but hitting the ceiling.

"Any last words, pig?" I snarl, bearing my sharp teeth.

"I-I....fffucked y-your ss-ssson lol aheheh." He gurgles, more blood boiling up in his throat.

"Ha, please. He would have topped."

"Soviet, for God's sake, let him go." A bland voice gently calls out.

I snap out of my bloodthirsty rage and look up ahead of me. America does the same, coughing up blood.

"Britain!?" I say, getting up off from the floor.

"Ah ah, you don't get any affection from me." He says quite sternly, pointing a finger up at me.

My heart sinks. "I eh...what, but why?"

I shouldn't of said that.

"Uh, I can numer two things. One, you kept me here for God knows how long. Two, you literally just strangled my brother right in front of me. Oh why don't I bring up the fact that you shot me, twice."

"Okay okay okay, I'm sorry." I whine.

Britain walks over to America, kneeling down to him. I forgot that he was still on his back.

"America, go home." He says.

"What! But, duuude, I like totally came all the way over here for you man!" Ame whines, his voice sounding like it had been through a cheese grater.

"I know, and I'm very grateful for that, but to be honest....you don't look so...uh.... great. You should go home and rest." Britain says, putting an arm over his shoulder to help him up.

America nods in agreement and leaves the house, leaving me and Brit alone.

Britain's pov:

Me and Soviet both wor hard to patch back up the window. It takes a while, but we finally manage to get it done. We both head downstairs to relax.

Fluffy smut warning!

I gently rest my head on Soviet's shoulder and relax as he wraps his

arm around my waist.

"I'm sorry I kept you in here for so long." Soviet murmurs.

"It's okay Sovi, I'm over it now." I say.

"...Did you just call me Sovi?"

"Wha, no."

"Yes, yes you did."

"It just slipped out. I'm very relaxed, okay?"

"I wonder what else slips out when you're relaxed~"

I feel my face flush a deep red.

"I can make you feel very relaxed if you want~"

"S-soviet, it been a long day."

"Exactly."

I'm about to say something, but I'm cut off my Soviet's lips being placed onto mine. It's a gentle, soft kiss. To which I gladly return, slipping my tongue inside of his mouth. We fight for dominance, but Soviet obviously wins. I hum in pleasure, deepening our kiss as I wrap my arms around his neck.

He gently pushes me down onto my back, kissing me even harder. We eventually part, taking short, deep breaths. But I know for a fact that he isn't done with me.

He places small kisses on my neck, making me close my eyes at the sensation. He then goes from kisses to licking, then from licking to biting, leaving marks all over my neck. At almost every second, my breath hitches, or a quiet moan escapes my lips.

"Sovi, n-nothing major, please. I'm already t-tired enough." I say, trying not to let out any moans.

"Aww, okay fine." Soviet groans, like some big puppy.

"I was hoping to devour you~"

"We can do that some other day, because this is as much my body can haAANdle!" I gasp, as Soviet bites down on my collar bone.

"Mmhmm, sure~"

I'm going to feel this in the morning.

Finito~

:D

Ok I am now officially done with this story, mainly because I'm running out of ideas and I made this book when I was alot younger (mentally). And I just have so many different story ideas now.

Thank you for reading my fanfic, this was my very first one, and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did.

Love u all:)